



LONE HILLS LIGHTS



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LONE LAND LIGHTS.

(FIRST SERIES.)

BY THE REV. J. McLEAN,

Fort McLeod, Rocky Mountains, Canada.



TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS,
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EXPLANATORY LETTER.

MOST of the LONE LAND LIGHTS were first written to supply a lack of religious tracts in connection with my work. They were printed on the printograph, and distributed amongst the white settlers in the Bow River District. Many copies, after being carefully read, were sent to friends in different parts of Canada, United States, and Great Britain. They are now put up in book form for two objects:—1st. That they may do good; 2nd. That I may obtain some help toward my mission amongst the Blood Indians. I am erecting Mission premises, and a large sum of money will be required for my work. This I intend to raise by subscriptions from my personal friends, and from the profits of this and other books.

I send forth the book with the prayer that it may do good to the reader, while it may do good to my Mission by replenishing the treasury.

I am, yours in Jesus,

J. McLEAN.

FORT McLEON, *March 20, 1882.*



PREFACE.

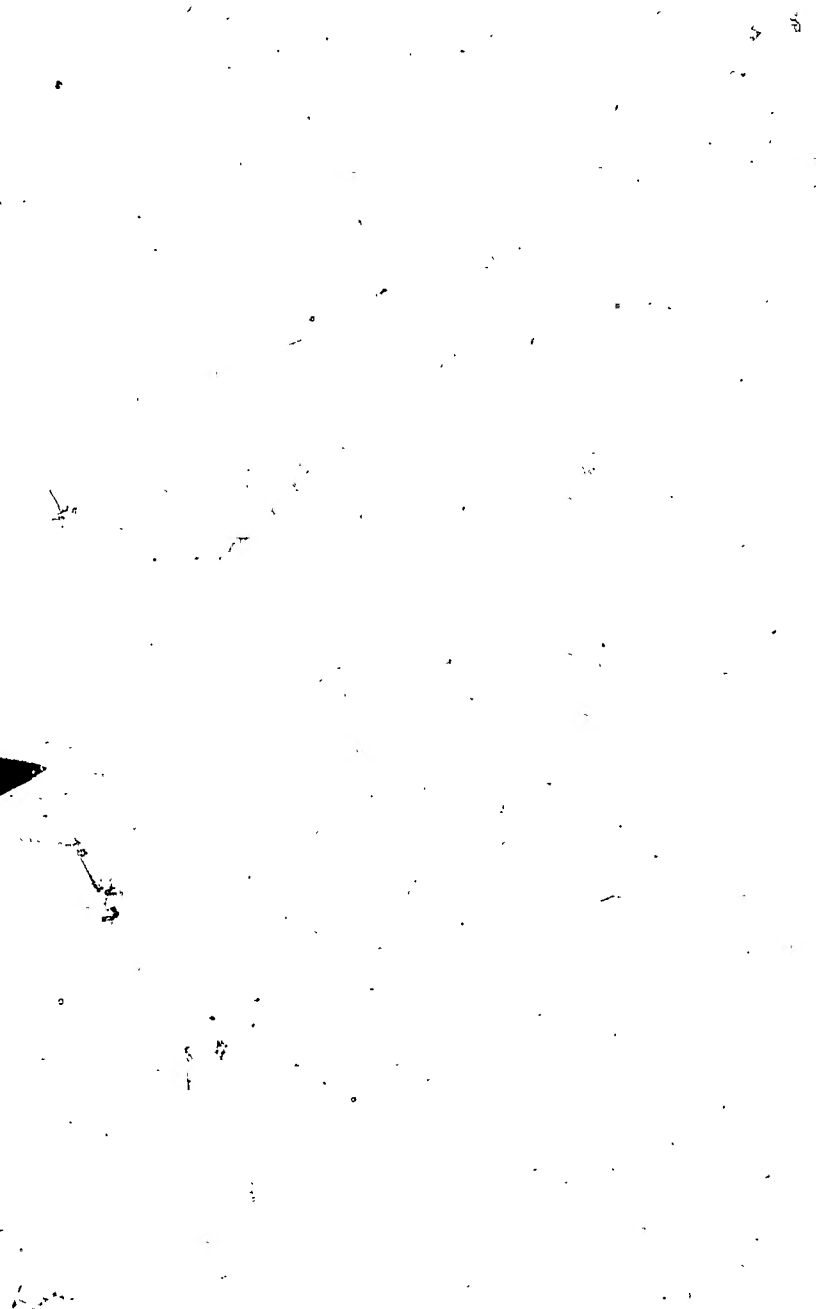
CARLYLE has said, "If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts." Such is the aim of this little book. Written first in the form of tracts to supply a felt want in pastoral work, they are now sent forth with the sole object of doing good.

Great thoughts may not pervade these pages, but the grandest subject in the spiritual universe is herein treated, namely, Christ and Him crucified. They are not intended for the mental workers of the Church, but for the sinner claimed by vice, and for the earnest ones struggling through life to find the way of truth. The ruling motive in giving these pages to the world is well expressed by that successful winner of souls, David Stoner, who, with his expiring breath, cried out, "Lord, save sinners! Save them by thousands!"

Go forth, then, and do thy work, as best thou can, for God and humanity.

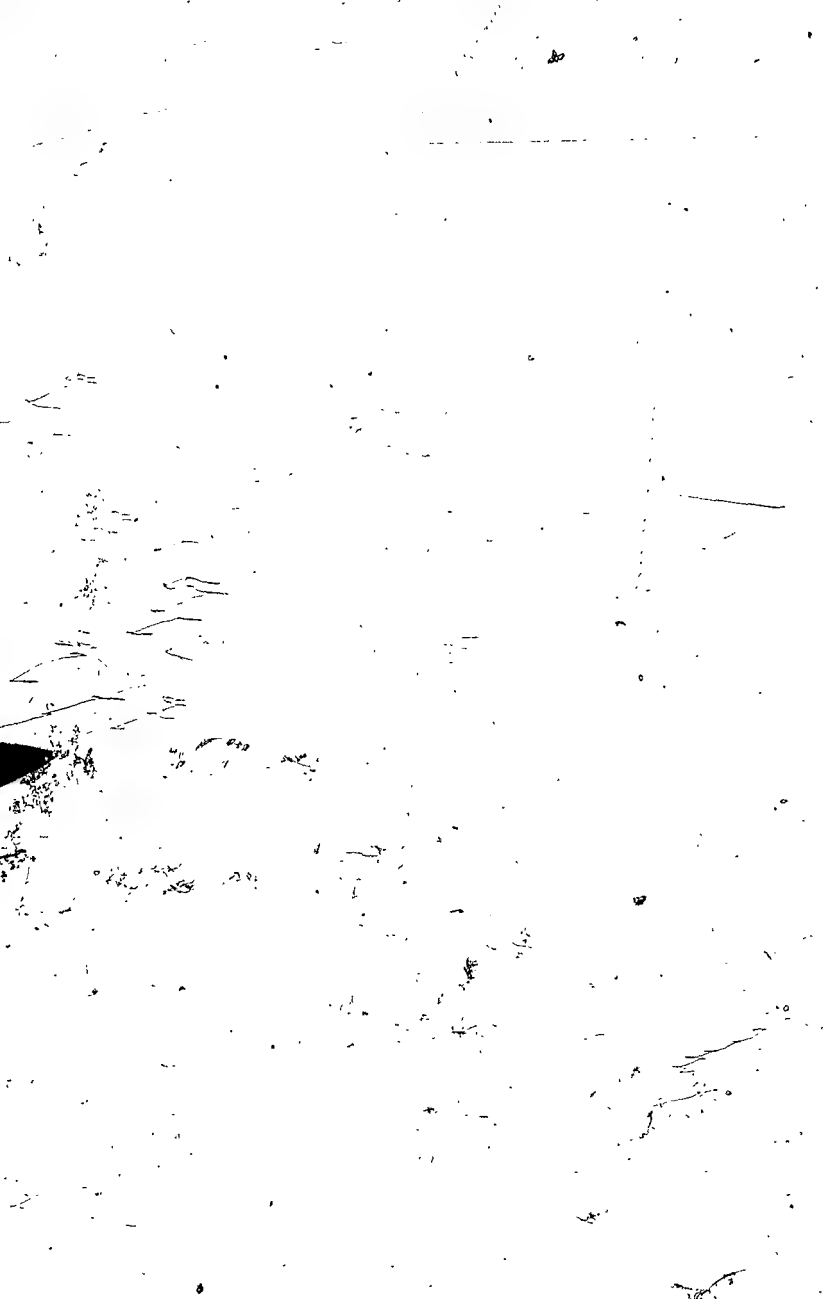
J. McL

FORT McLEOD, ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
CANADA, *March, 1882.*



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LONE LAND LIGHTS.

PROSPECTING.

UPON the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and in the adjoining valleys of the Great Lone Land, old miners and amateur adventurers may be seen, month after month, undergoing any amount of suffering, as they are prospecting for gold. Enthusiastic in their work, they laugh at danger and hope at some fortunate moment in the future, they shall gain the desired object of their search. Deprived of all their means, they will work at any kind of labor to secure enough money to go off again on the search. They are seeking a future which too often is never found, and should the long-sought prize be secured, it is to leave it, when the sand has run down in the time glass of life, and they are summoned to dwell upon the eternal shores. There is a true kind of prospecting which brings a lasting future and joy that never ends. It is in searching for "the pearl of great price." Christ gives the man true riches who comes to Him and seeks His aid.

Let a man seek as earnestly the blessings of the Gospel, and be as enthusiastic in striving to enter in at the straight gate, and he will assuredly become the happy possessor of a fortune that will increase in value as ages pass by. O seek that gold of religion which shall never grow dim, and which shall unlock the gate of heaven, unfold life's mysteries, pour out the treasures of paradise, and give you a home in the sweet by-and-by. Seek it earnestly. Seek it now: "Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." Delay not, for delays are dangerous. "Procrastination is the thief of time." Seek Christ with all your heart, and you shall then inherit a fortune greater than earth can grant and more lasting than the eternal hills.

"Believe in Him that died for thee,
And sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified."

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

BUNYAN'S pilgrim, as he ran from the City of Destruction, put his fingers in his ears and shouted, "Life, life, eternal life!" Luther, as he climbed the steps at Rome, seemed to hear a voice speaking to him the memorable words, "The just shall live by faith;" and Jesus as he declared the Gospel to men said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Men want to enjoy life; but before partaking of its blessings they must receive

life itself. Young men go out into the world to see life, those in manhood's prime labor to enjoy it, the sick and aged long to receive it, but at last they have all to give up in despair, for death comes to them instead of life. Where then shall life be found? Not amid the balmy breezes of Florida, but under the shadows of the Calvary cross. Who will bestow it? Not the skilful physician, or powerful monarch, but the man of sorrows. When may it be obtained? Not in the unknown future when the shades of death have closed around you, *but now, for—*

“Our time is all to-day, to-day,
The same though changed; and while it flies,
With still small voice the moments say,
‘To-day, to-day, be wise, be wise.’”

The religion of Jesus is the elixir of life. As the thirsty traveller on life's highway comes to the well of salvation and drinks, he receives life and hope.

Christ is the Balm of Gilead to all. Christ the Healer lays his hand upon the dead in trespasses and sins, and the valley of dry bones is all astir with the activities of a mighty army. Religion helps men. It is their light amid the darkest hour, their joy in seasons of deepest sorrow, their power when falling beneath the deadly attacks of the deceiver of men, their support in affliction, their flying chariot at the martyr's stake, their guiding star in the valley of the shadow, and their crown of rejoicing in the land beyond the river. Religion is life. Life is sought through Christ,

life is received from Christ, and life is enjoyed in Christ.

Saul in Damascus seeks life, the Philippain jailer, obeying Paul and Silas in prison, receives life, and Enoch walking with God enjoys life. Life then is sought by prayer to God, received by believing in God, and enjoyed by walking with God. My friend, have you experienced the healing power of religion? If not, you are diseased by sin. Without the religion of Jesus you are a poor prodigal in the far country, a wanderer from your Father's home, and "a stranger to the blood which bought *your* pardon on the tree." Would you see life and enjoy it, come to Jesus and trust in Him. Come now to Him and confess your sins. He will grant you life, "without money and without price." Let him not say of you, "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life."

Come now to him and say :—

"Nothing in my hand I bring
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Accept the invitations given to you in the Gospel where you may become a possessor of true life. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee." Jesus offers you life now. Accept of it and you will become—

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son."

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Two monks were threatened by the Lord Mayor of London that they would be tied in a sack and thrown into the Thames, but one of them nobly answered, "My Lord, we are going to the kingdom of heaven, and whether we go by land or water is of very little consequence to us." In this world there is the pathway of life and the pathway of death, the one leading to heaven, the other to hell and woe. There is a broad road that leads to destruction, and a narrow one that leads to life. The road to heaven is upward and onward, and the man who would reach this peaceful destination must, like Longfellow's hero climbing the Alpine slopes, shout "Excelsior." The path to hell is downward to the pit, and it is well expressed by the ancients when they say, "The descent to hell is easy." Upon which of these roads are you travelling? What destination are you seeking? There comes a moment in every man's life when he comes to his "parting of the way." Like the prodigal, then, the sinner stands and considers. Upon the broad road Satan has placed tempting fruits to lure the unwary, but the end is death. Upon the narrow path God has placed guiding and sustaining angels to help the weary traveller, and the gates of the Celestial City stand open to receive the heaven-bound pilgrim. The foolish virgins sleep away the golden hours of their day of grace, only to be roused from their delusive dreams by the midnight

cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh," and to find eternal darkness surrounding them in the path of sin. The wise virgins, with their lamps trimmed and burning, and abundance of oil in their vessels, go out upon the path of virtue with joy to meet their Lord. Imitate these wise virgins in religion, for—

"The heavenly Bridegroom soon will come,
To claim His bride and take her home,
To reign with Him on high.
Trim your lamps and be ready
For the midnight cry.

"When the Bridegroom comes, if your lamps are out,
You will hear His voice without a doubt;
But you will have oil to buy.
Trim your lamps and be ready
For the midnight cry."

There is for you a Jacob's ladder by which you may climb to heaven, and a bye-way of sin by which you may reach perdition. You are, then, either walking on the King's highway to glory, or dragging your footsteps along the Satanic avenue to endless grief. You may have resolved to turn over a new leaf, and in the future live for God; but unless you act upon this resolution, it is worse than useless. "The way to perdition is paved with good intentions." Jesus is the way by which you obtain abiding peace on earth and enter heaven at last. Upon God's highway of life no traveller ever comes to grief. No lion or ravenous beast, or unclean person is found walking on this way. You may hear the howlings in the wilderness, but you cannot be hurt. "Blessed is the man who walketh not

in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners."

You are going somewhere. There are only two roads, and two destinations. Whither are you bound? To get upon the narrow way, you must enter through the wicket gate on your passage to the cross. You cannot climb over the wall, you must come in through the gate. If you have never come thus, you are still in the City of Destruction. If you have never been converted to God, then, you are still on the broad road that leads to death. There is but one way to obtain salvation, and that is by true repentance toward God, and believing in Jesus Christ. If you have never come to Christ and obtained the pardon of your sins you are still in "the gulf of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity." Stand then and think before you go any further. Reason tells you it is folly to continue your course which will end in eternal ruin, and may end at any moment. Experience urges you not to delay, but to forsake at once the path of unrighteousness. Scripture warns you of your danger, entreats you to return, and invites you to accept the offers of mercy which God presents to you. There is a painting in an art gallery at Brussels, representing a man lying in his own blood upon the floor of a room. The smoke of the pistol which he holds in his hand is dying away. Beside him stands an evil angel dressed as an angel of light, and in the garb of a woman. Her eyes are filled with hellish glee. A short distance behind him sits his gentle, guiding angel with her face buried in

her hands, and her wings in a drooping position. Thus it is with you when you sin against yourself and God. Satan rejoices at every downfall, and the Holy Spirit is grieved. Here is a summary of the two paths and what follows :—

The broad path leads to

Sin,
Unrest,
Sorrow,
Hatred,
Foolishness,
Darkness,
Dark Prospects,
Death,
Satan,
Hell,
Eternal Woe.

The narrow path leads to

Holiness,
Peace,
Joy,
Love,
Wisdom,
Light,
Bright Hopes,
Life,
— Christ,
Heaven,
Endless Bliss.

You are a traveller to eternity. Like a vessel you are sailing over the ocean of life—what port are you steering for? There are but two, namely, the haven of rest and the port of perdition. If you are trusting in self, good works, or any external or worldly means to obtain salvation, then you cannot reach the heavenly kingdom, for “by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified.” There is but one way to get to heaven and that is through Christ. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Beware of tarrying where you are, if you are still without Christ. At once, and with intense earnestness seek

God. Listen to Him inviting you to accept of the benefits of salvation. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." Rest assured you can know whither you are going. God will testify to you by sins forgiven, and will reveal Himself to you through the Holy Spirit and divine truth, so that you may be prepared for entering in and fully enjoy the delights of the Upper Sanctuary. Get ready for your journey by trusting in Jesus Christ as your Saviour and guide.

PRAIRIE LIFE.

THE prairies of the Great Lone Land in their boundless extent, and with their variegated carpet supplied them by Nature, are fascinating to the traveller, and suggestive to the thinker and artist, but incessant travelling and familiarity make the scenes monotonous, which in some cases amounts to extreme loneliness. To the man lost on the prairie the beauties and pleasures give place to a sense of isolation and bewilderment. In like manner does this world become to the man who is without God. For a time he is charmed with the pleasures of the world, but these lose their sweetness, and a feeling of loneliness takes their place. Alone on the prairie, man is often in a helpless position, and sorely needs a companion. Alone in the world, the burden of life and sin are too heavy to be borne. The load of guilt is accumulating,

and will finally crush man under its weight. How sad is that man's position who has no home, and no friends; but how terrible must be that man's life who is without God and without hope in the world! My friend, you may have experienced some of this loneliness and helplessness in life. In fighting life's battles, and in bearing the heavy burdens and cares of humanity, you need a helper, and find a true one in Christ. He is man's great Burden-bearer. "Union is strength" in religious matters where foes are many, and man is weak. In relation to the interests of your soul—

"Two are better far than one,
For counsel or for fight.

As the shipwrecked mariner is tossed upon a desolate island, and no longer rejoices in the presence of friends, so is man in the world without God as his friend and helper. This world is but a barren waste, covered with wild wintry snows, and surrounded by midnight gloom to the man who has not the joys of religion to cheer his heart, and the presence of God to give him strength. Many are the dangers that you are placed in, day by day, and often are you called to witness the sufferings of your fellows through the ills of life. These dangers may befall you soon, and how are you prepared to meet them? Without God how helpless is your position, how dark the path through life, how long and dreary the journey, and how heavy the burdens and cares! The clouds of adversity fill your heart with sorrow; the silent and

painful hours of sickness give you but fitful moments for reflection regarding your past life, and the great future that lies before you; the smiles of prosperity wean your heart away from the things of God, and the soul's true pleasures; and often the blessings of health make you careless of life's most important duties. In the hour of temptation you yield, for your foes are strong, and you sorrow, but it does not lead you to repentance. Truly your life is lonely and sad without God in your heart. The frail bark, tossed wildly on the stormy Atlantic with its single occupant, gives you a faint idea of your life in the world. The benighted traveller in one of the passes of the Rocky Mountains, in the depth of winter, having Christ as his support, is happier than you, enjoying all the benefits of society, but without communion with your Father in Heaven. If God is with you, then you have strength. With Christ as your Saviour you will have light in the darkest hour, and hope beyond the grave. With the Holy Spirit you will have peace and consolation in the greatest conflicts and heaviest trials. He will guide you into all truth, and teach you the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. Do not then go through life any longer alone. Seek the Divine Companion who will aid and cheer you. Come to Christ now with contrite heart, saying, as you look to the Cross of the Crucified One—

“Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee.
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot ;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse such spot
O Lamb of God, I come !

"Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !"

Do not tarry, but flee to the refuge provided for you in the Gospel. God waits to bless you, Christ is interceding for you, and angels are ready to catch the glad news of your repentance and salvation, that they may make the courts of Heaven ring with true angelic joy.

IS IT FAIR?

A RICH and noble emperor was very indulgent and kind to his numerous subjects. His acts of love were dignified by his wisdom, because of their appropriateness to each individual member of his empire. He ruled over seven kingdoms, six of which he resigned, and distributed their wealth and power among his people. Some of these most benefitted by him, and especially privileged as the recipients of his numerous gifts, boldly and wickedly seized upon the seventh and only remaining kingdom, and appropriated its wealth to themselves, thus depriving him of all. Reason demands an explanation for this inhuman conduct, but none is given. By universal consent we condemn these subjects as base and unrighteous. Such, my

friend, is your position if you devote God's day to your own interests. Basely you have robbed God, though he has showered upon you blessings in abundance. No doubt you love justice between man and man, then why not exercise it between God and yourself? Is it fair to rob God by taking away His day for yourself? By devoting to your own interests, and not keeping half the Sabbath, you steal from God and rob your fellows of your example. You have an influence in the world, and if it tends to lead others to a dishonoring of the Sabbath, you are doing wrong. Is it fair to rob your workmen of their day of rest by compelling them to labor? By so doing, you are stealing from them physical rest, mental culture, moral influences, and spiritual improvement. Is it fair to rob yourself, physically, mentally, financially, morally, and spiritually? No. You do so by breaking the Sabbath. Is it fair to rob your stock of their day of rest? If you are merciful, show it toward man and beast. Is it fair to rob the young of your influence? By disregarding the Sabbath your family will suffer. If you lead the way in breaking God's commands, blame yourself if you see your children utterly despising God's laws and rejoicing in a life of vice. The world demands of you a good example. Is it fair to give the opposite by not keeping holy the Sabbath? The day is God's and not yours, and justice demands that you spend God's day as He commands you: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." God blesses the man who honors Him. "Them that honor

me, I will honor." "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." This day is the righteous due of your employees, as given them by the King eternal for physical rest and divine worship. Joy has filled your heart in childhood's early day, when

"On to God's house the people pressed ;
 Passing the place where they must rest,
 Each entered like a welcome guest."

This joy is increased in the heart of the Master who reserves the Sabbath and gives to those who labor for him the blessings of a day of rest. It does not pay to break the Sabbath. By sad experience the traveler has been taught that the Sabbath-keeper can travel farther, enjoy more comfort, and give more honor to God, than the man who travels on Sunday. The miller has learned that more work can be done in one year by keeping the Sabbath than otherwise. An infidel has asserted that he has been taught by sad experience that a curse follows those who break the Sabbath. A manufacturer favors Sabbath-keeping, being taught by his severe losses the evils of Sabbath work. He says, "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath and everything went on well. But one Sabbath morning I be-thought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day,

Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They congratulated me on my great success. I enlarged my business; and, sir, that Sunday's work cost me thirty thousand dollars. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business and lost my mill." Does it pay to break the Sabbath? Let Dr. Conquest answer: "Daily exertion, and excitement, and fatigue during the week, without this one day's rest, prematurely breaks down the strength and vigor of the animal system, shortens life, and deprives old age of that energy and cheerfulness which usually attend it in those who have rested from mental and bodily toil on the Lord's day."

God will bless you in body, mind, and soul, increase your store, comfort you in sickness, and send gladness into your home by keeping holy the Sabbath—

"Well-spent Sabbaths always make
Happy week-days."

Your example will be a blessing to the community in which you live and send an influence for good into the world. Jeremiah Howax, the astronomer, although busily engaged watching for the first transit of Venus, left his room and joined the worshippers in God's house. God honored him for his conscientiousness in keeping the Sabbath by permitting him on his return to witness the first transit ever seen by man.

Keep the Sabbath by seeking moral and spiritual culture. Perform works of necessity and mercy, and seek the glory of God in your toil. Our Sabbaths on earth are a foretaste of—

"The Sabbaths of eternity,
 One Sabbath deep and wide;
 A light upon the shining sea,
 The Bridegroom with his bride,"

St. Augustine calls it "the Queen of Days." Lord Chief-Justice Hale says, "When I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments."

Longfellow testifies that "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week." An able and well-known Massachusetts lawyer says, "There is no way I can get such rest as by going to church on Sunday." God keeps a record of your Sundays and how they are spent. Rob not God of His day, but improve it as He commands and you shall be blest. Trust in Him who is Lord of the Sabbath, and then truly will you "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

God's day of rest, his righteous due,
 Man's work laid o'er, his just demand,
 In mercy toil, all good pursue,
 Help man and beast with loving hand.
 Six days for man, one day for God,
 The fewer days for nobler toil,
 Improve this day; Christ trust and laud,
 Then welcome heaven, thy native soil.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

LIFE is an ocean and every man a sailor. To some it is as the stormy Atlantic, to others it is like the peaceful Pacific. Some men tremble when they hear the howling of the hurricane of God's wrath, and others rejoice in the peaceful calm of God's favor. Some sailors have their bark smashed to pieces on the rocks of unbelief, and others are stranded on the shoals of despair. There are two ports, the port of heaven and the port of hell. To one of these you are steering. Which is it? There is only one true pilot, and that is Jesus Christ. The Bible is the true chart for every sailor on life's ocean. Study it and you shall be safe. You may sail along pleasantly, and yet land on the Great Sahara Desert, barren of Christian virtues; or you may rush along the mighty waters to be hurled over the Niagara Falls of sin, or you may be engulfed in the giddy whirlpool of pleasure. If you are a Christian sailor, with Christ as your pilot, you will understand the language common to such, and you will join in the song—


“Glory, glory, hallelujah
All the sailors loudly cry,
See the blissful port of glory,
Open to each faithful eye.”

There are many dangers to be encountered. Dangers arising from the tempestuous gales of temptation, and

dangers from the rough breakers that will strike your frail bark as you sail on the wrong course. Christ is the great light in the darkness to guide you safely to the haven of rest. One sin committed leads to another. Sin loves company, and when you indulge in one sin the pathway is opened for another. Small sins open the way for larger ones. The small end of the wedge enters the log, and soon the heavy end is embedded in the cleft. If you give Satan a place in your heart he will bring ten devils with him to keep the City of Mansoul well guarded from the entrance of Christ and His salvation. If you continue in sin evil results will follow. No man ever reached heaven by practising vice, and if you do not "cease to do evil and learn to do well," your crown will be given to another, and your heavenly mansion will not be occupied by you. You may have present peace and yet punishment may follow it. Satan will lull you to sleep until you reach the region of despair. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Do not comfort yourself because you have now no fear of death, for Satan is a cunning charmer of souls. Be alarmed for your safety now, for if you are still unconverted, your punishment is coming. Sin will seek to hide its head that you may not be alarmed, but he will spring forth, by-and-by, as a many-headed monster. You may be happy now, but sadness will soon fill your heart. Many a merry countenance covers a very sad heart. Col. Gardiner possessed such a jovial nature that he was called by his comrades, "The Happy

Rake," and yet such was his sorrow that when a dog entered his room he pointed to it and said, "I wish I was that dog." Sin will be found out. It cannot be hid for ever. "Be sure your sin will find you out." God sees our hearts and lives. Beware of the danger ahead of you. Sin will not go unpunished, God will punish you for your sin in this world and the next. "The wages of sin is death." "The curse of the Lord is in the habitation of the wicked." "As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of the world. The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." There are danger signals on our railroads, and God also sets out danger signals in life, that sinners may see them and take warning. See God's danger signals in the punishments inflicted on sinners in this life and in the sinner's death. Danger may be near and yet not known. The Alpine traveller hears the rumbling of the approaching avalanche and flies for his life, and the penitent sinner, seeing his great danger, cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and flees for refuge to Christ. If you are living in sin, there are dangers all around you. The precipice may be near and the traveller not know of it, so you may be on the brink of destruction and yet unconcerned. The worm will gnaw quietly at the heart of the oak until it falls, so sin will feed upon you until you die. Beware of sins of every kind. The skater is warned by the



board on the soft spot on the ice, with the word, "Beware," and the stranger is warned of the ferocious dog by a similar placard over the kennel. God warns you of the evils of sin. Leave off sin at once. Repent now. You cannot quit it by degrees and win God's favor. If you value your soul, turn from sin at once to God. Unless you depart from sin you cannot be saved. Sin will curse you. The smallest sin will keep you from God. Flee from sin as from a viper. Linger not for there is danger in delay. You may be stranded on the shoals, or the breakers may dash your bark to pieces. Look to the lighthouse on the ocean of life and be guided by its gladdening light. Trust in Christ and He will guide your bark in safety o'er the troubled waters. A vessel was wrecked in sight of the old town of St. Andrew's, Scotland. A young lad bravely plunged into the roaring billows, and after intense exertion saved the crew. Christ comes to save us from the wreck. He offers you now salvation. Will you accept Him as your Saviour and be saved? If you wait until the storm abates, or you see that all other hope is gone, you may call and wait in vain for an answer. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." Now He calls you. Now He waits to bless you, where you are and as you are. Accept Him, believe in Him, and the blessings of salvation are yours.

"Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand,
See o'er the foaming billows, fair haven's land;
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the lifeboat, sailor, pull for the shore."


WHISKEYSIDE AND WATERSIDE.

RIVAL cities often spring up on the opposite banks of some of the rivers on the American Continent. They seek to excel each other in their commercial success, in the magnificence of their buildings, and in the various interests of their respective citizens. Whiskeyside and Waterside are two rival cities on the opposite shores of Mundane River. I entered the populous city of Whiskeyside and there I beheld parks and palaces of vast magnificence and grandeur. Gay music floated upon the air from instruments of every kind. There were bands of frivolous young men and women all bent on pleasure. They were talking loudly as they passed along the street. In one part of the city there were theatres of every description, from the low play-house to the Theatre Royal. The actors were robed in gorgeous garments, and a gay laugh sat upon each countenance. Further on there were magnificent mansions, brightly illuminated, and having upon the doors artistic decorations. The furniture in the rooms was costly, and everything was arranged in an enchanting style. Youthful maidens and middle-aged ladies flitted up and down the steps, inviting young men to enter. Over the portals I saw the inscription: "He that keepeth company with harlots spendeth his substance."

As I continued my journey, I came to an immense building several stories high. In the lower part of

the building there were a large number of young men and women dancing. The music was excellent, and the whole appearance of the interior was enticing. In front of the door hung a large lamp with the red signal of danger. In the upper of the building I could hear the noise of the steam-printing presses at work, and I could see many of the compositors at work through the windows. A flag was flying on the top of the building, bearing the name of the paper published there, namely: "*The Free-thinker's Journal*." The leading editorial contained an outrageous attack upon Christianity, closing with a grand eulogium on Voltaire, Paine, Bradlaugh, and Ingersoll. From a list of the work printed at the office, I saw an announcement of a cheap edition of "*The Age of Reason*," also several hundred dime novels, and a vast amount of obscene literature and obscene pictures at low prices. Whilst scanning the list I heard a report of a revolver, and hastening to the spot whence the sound proceeded, I saw a man being carried out of the door of a gambling hell. Next door to this gambling saloon, I saw a boxing hall, where pugilists were trained. The factories of the city were closed as the employees had struck for higher wages. The drunken brawls were frequent, and the police were kept busy. The prison was full, and a new site had been secured for a larger and stronger building for prison purposes. I was in danger of my life several times from insane people I met in the streets. Passing along Aristocratic Street, I met several burly gentlemen, dressed in the

latest fashion. They wore heavy gold shirt studs, massive gold finger-rings and watch-chains, and each carried a heavy gold-headed cane. The street was clean, and the mansions were fitted up in a most elegant style. Policemen paced to and fro to keep the drunkards and beggars from placing their shoeless feet on the scrupulously clean stairs. Leaving this street, where dwelt the princes of the city, I repaired to Democratic Street, and there I witnessed a striking contrast. The houses were filthy and without furniture. Ragged children sported themselves on the muddy street. The people were pale and emaciated, and many of the young men and women looked old and careworn. The doctors were busy at work among the sick. With a sad heart at the sickening sights, I was about to take my departure when I noticed a large factory in full operation. Upon enquiry I learned that it was the city brewery. At the front gate I found a man lying helpless. The people were passing him by heedlessly, but having compassion on the poor mortal, I sought to rescue him from his sleep, but found it useless as he was in a deep stupor. The man at the factory told me that he had been bitten by the brewer's dog. In the central part of the city there were commodious buildings for the sale of all kinds of drinks. They were brightly illuminated, and the rooms were exceedingly well furnished. Pretty barmaids and genteel young men were busy with the customers. A beautiful carriage, drawn by four horses with silver-mounted harness, drove up. The coach-



man had on a splendid livery. This carriage was for the accommodation of customers. Painted on the front of it were the words "The Queen's Hotel." I learned that these genteel drunkards were manufacturers. In one of the back streets were many low taverns and shebeens, out of which I saw men running wild with *delirium tremens*. Besides these there were several stores, with three golden balls for a sign—men, women, and children, went in well clothed and came out destitute of nearly all their clothing. This genteel kind of robbery was sustained by the municipal council, the members of which had an interest in its management. In the adjoining houses I heard sad wails, and a voice was shouting, "In every house a maniac and in every store a bankrupt."

Hospitals, schools, colleges, and churches in the city I found none. Loafers were hanging around the taverns and thieves were busy at work. The people used a large amount of slang expressions and swearing by all classes was very common. I entered the Temple of Worship, and—

"There Guilt his anxious revel kept,
There on his sordid pallet, slept
Guilt-born Excess."

The people were shouting "Hail, Bacchus, King of our City!" A large idol, representing Bacchus, was raised on a throne, and the people bowed before it in worship.

I left and went toward the river that flowed outside the town. A large number of people were going in the same direction, insomuch that I could not walk on the sidewalk. Some were being carried on boards, some came on crutches and others dragged their weary feet along. The banks of the river were steep and a dark cloud hung over the water. The first to enter was an old man who was soon carried away by the swift stream. A young man, with a very intelligent countenance, was the next to attempt to cross, but he sank as soon as he had plunged into the water. Then there came one of the princes of the city. Boldly he entered, and as he too was borne swiftly down the stream I heard voices from the dark cloud. I listened and caught the words, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." I looked upon the river and saw in the dark waters a bright flame wherein I traced "The River of Death."

Leaving the city I went down to the Mundane River and crossed in the ferry-boat. In a few minutes I landed on Waterside wharf. Handing a piece of money to the gentlemanly steward of the boat to pay my fare, he politely informed me that no charges were made, as the people of Waterside defrayed all expenses, being anxious to give every one an opportunity of enjoying the invigorating air of their city, and the cool sparkling waters of their magnificent fountain. Gazing up into the city I was struck with the healthy appearance of the people. Young and old were alike full of activity, and the rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes

expressed the health and vigor of the people. The streets were wide and clean. The buildings were substantial and decently ornamented. Sobriety and industry were marked features in the community. The factories were in full operation, the stores were making large sales, and in the business part of the city the streets were crowded with energetic merchants and tradesmen. Very few medical men were to be seen, and the mortality of the city was very low. Not a policeman was to be seen. There were universities, colleges, and schools in abundance. The medical graduates found plenty of work across the river in Whiskeyside, and the lawyers were kept busy there, also collecting fees, attending courts daily, and engaging in every branch of the legal profession. I noticed two very large buildings and I learned that one was a poorhouse, and the other an insane asylum. Both of these had been erected and were supported by the subscriptions of the people of Waterside, while the inmates were all from Whiskeyside. A very large steamer was built by the municipality for the purpose of conveying the poor and insane from Whiskeyside, as the authorities there had no time or disposition to engage in such matters. Another building was erected on a beautiful site in the suburbs of the city as an asylum for the inebriates of Whiskeyside, to which was attached an hospital for the treatment of diseases peculiar to drunkards. There were several public parks, museums, and gymnasiums in the suburbs for health and recreation. Reading-Rooms, Associa-

tions for Strangers, Savings Banks, and Temperance. Restaurants were numerous in the city.

The public press was alive on all important questions. Several large publishing houses issued works on science, philosophy, art, and religion. The two leading newspapers, the "*Waterside Times*" and the "*Christian Recorder*," had an immense circulation. The public art gallery was open every day for the numerous visitors who attended it. There were very many churches. I entered the tabernacle and saw an immense congregation. The worshippers were singing—

"Jesu, lover of my soul."

An excellent sermon was preached by the minister on "The Water of Life." When the collection was taken up, I saw that the plates were filled with silver and gold coins. In the evening I listened to a grand missionary sermon in the same place. Returning to my lodging, I saw a beautiful fountain in the centre of the city for supplying water to man and beast. In the morning before taking my departure I strolled along to a little stream that flowed past the street. Little children and old people were eagerly pressing toward it. The sky was clear. On its banks stood a minister of the Gospel giving counsel to those who were about to cross. A little maiden entered the stream and crossed safely, and as her feet touched the other side, I heard the sound of many voices saying, "Welcome;" and then a grand chorus burst forth as from ten thousand harps, but the sun shone so

brightly, that I could not see the people who came to welcome her, or those who played upon the harps.

An aged couple entered next, and as they were crossing I heard a voice from the heavens saying: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

THE PALACE OF PROFANITY.

IN an eastern palace sat a noble and courageous man. Being a member of the staff of an illustrious king, he had gone with him on matters of importance. Waiting in the palace for his master he joined the company of servants. In the course of the conversation that ensued, one of the servants impeached him with being a follower of this king, who, though wise and noble, had been seized as a political prisoner. Boldly he denied his allegiance to his master, and leaving the company went out into the porch of the palace to soothe the stings of conscience, and be away from the taunts of his jeering enemies. There one of the maid-servants, with unwomanly boldness, pointed him out as a follower of this treasonous king. Losing his presence of mind and allowing his passions full sway, he cursed and swore, and denied his relationship to his illustrious friend. But there came moments of reflection and a notable reminder was given him of his sin, and then with extreme sorrow he wept for the crime committed. In every land there are found those who delight in profanity. The sin of swearing is not properly under-

stood by those who engage in it, or they would not thus pray for God to damn their fellows, and sometimes their own friends, to hell for ever. Were God to answer the swearer's prayers, many would be startled at the consequences, and many true and noble men would suffer an unjust doom.

One of the most unmanly things to do, is for a man to so far forget himself as to allow his passions to gain the mastery, and by the most fearful oaths and imprecations pray for his fellowman to suffer eternal woe. No argument can be given in its favor. The swearer hangs his head when reproved; his conscience troubles him on his death-bed; his example is injurious to young and old; he is forbidden the use of his insane language in company; and his life leads to degradation. Washington was so disgusted with the vile habit, that, when a colonel in the army, he forbade the soldiers of his regiment to swear. For the first offence twenty-five lashes were given without a court-martial, and severer punishment if the practice was continued.

It is a habit of the most disgusting nature, that ought to be shunned by every man who has any respect for himself, his friends, or the community in which he lives.

The oaths that fall from men's lips imprint themselves deeply on the lives of those who utter them. They are stains that are indelibly left on the swearer's character. My friend, you are unprepared for life and its duties if you practice this infernal habit. The Indian with all his heathenish customs imparts to you

an important lesson when he informs you that he cannot swear in his own language, but must first be taught by men speaking the English language, to blaspheme the Christian's God and his fellowmen. Your first oath made you blush, but now you utter many of the vilest terms of the English language without any stings of conscience. Blasphemy is a devil fighting against God and man. The Orientals are noted for their blasphemy, and very appropriate was Christ's censure given to those of His day, and not less so to you, "Swear not at all."

Death may call you hence at any moment, and should you expire with an oath upon your lips, how will you meet the Judge of all the earth? God punishes men in this life for the sin of blasphemy. At any moment that punishment may come upon you. The hell which you have often prayed your fellows to be consigned to will be yours when you pass away from earth. As you live you are unprepared for the future. You sin against your soul by your daily actions. By failing to get ready for the great future, you are depriving yourself of the great benefits of a virtuous life on earth.

"He sins against this life who slights the next."

Notable instances are given wherein men are punished by God for this sin of blasphemy.

During the Jewish dispensation the blasphemer was stoned to death; in the days of the apostles, Hymeneus and Alexander were delivered over to Satan's

power for this sin; and at the present time notable instances are seen of men suffering extreme agony of mind, body, and soul, and others are suddenly cut off with an oath upon their lips as a just punishment for their foul sin against the King of Heaven. "Whosoever curseth his God shall bear his sin." "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." To some it appears manly to swear, but it truly shows a man's weakness. Louis IX., of France, punished any one convicted of swearing by searing their lips with a red hot iron, and when remonstrated with for the severe punishment, replied, "I would to God that, by searing my own lips, I could banish out of my realm all abuse of oaths."

God will render greater punishment than this. It is the language of perdition, and the man who delights in it will be permitted to practice it in the regions of the lost. It can be cured. The swearer can cease his vile language, and use the language of Canaan. A swearing soldier was led to give his heart to God by reading a tract given to him by an eminent minister, and years afterwards, when they met, with tears in his eyes, he asked forgiveness of the man of God for the imprecations he had uttered upon his head.

Do you wish to become a Christian? Then give up your swearing. Do you desire to lay aside your habit of blasphemy? Then come to Christ and ask forgiveness. Believe in Him as your Saviour, and you shall rejoice in the great blessings of salvation.

"Swear not, neither by heaven, neither by earth, neither by any other oath."

God waits to forgive you now. Christ offers you salvation. Accept of it. Repent now of your sins, and believe the Gospel, and salvation, peace, and joy are yours.

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SAND.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

ROBINSON CRUSOE was startled when he saw the footprint on the sand, and men to-day are alarmed when they see the strange footprints left by their fellows on the sands of Time. You gaze upon the impression left by your companion as he passed on and stepped over the border-land into the life beyond, but you forget to look at the mark you are leaving behind you, or to ask yourself what kind of a sand-print it is. You are leaving for posterity a legacy for weal or woe. Your influence lives with you, and will continue to exist after you are gone. What kind of a life, then, are you living? There are others following you and watching your footsteps, and should your influence be for evil, they will go down to endless woe.

In this world you are writing the history of your life, which will be read and felt by those around you,

and those coming after. Life is a book, and men are the authors. Some lives are written like the exciting novel, and others have all the soberness of a work on philosophy. Some are stained with the ink-spots of crime, and others exhibit the printed and fine-toned page of virtue. Like the trail on the prairie, you are marking out a path that will either lead astray or safely direct to shelter and home. Life is a great lake, and men are as children throwing pebbles into it, and the circles go out to the margin. Your influence may be far-reaching, and as lasting as time itself. You cannot destroy it. As the writing made with a diamond upon the window-pane, so is your influence indelibly left upon the hearts and lives of men. Many would desire to erase it, but it is impossible. Once written it is always written. Every man has an influence in this life. The child exerts a power over others, and sometimes leads men to usefulness and glory. You have an influence that may be powerfully directed and lead to much good. See, then, how you employ it. Your influence is individual. You have a personality that belongs to you alone, and from this may arise much of your individual influence.

It is as an individual that you are in the greatest degree responsible for your life, and in this position you must seek to fulfil all the demands of a true and noble life. The Twelve Apostles in their official position exerted a powerful influence among the nations, but behind all this, there was the influence of the individual seeking to live for God.

There are persons who exert one kind of influence in public life, and a contrary one in their individual relations with men. You must beware of your influence, public and private. Powerful were the influences of St. Bernard during the Crusades, of Luther during the German Reformation, and of Napoleon among his soldiers and people during his brilliant successes in military life. Your influence may not be as great, yet how wide it extends is known only to God. Your words, looks, thoughts, and actions have an influence which extends far and wide. It is the lesser things in a man's life that oftentimes work the greatest changes. Little things have a great influence. Voltaire when a child memorized an infidel poem, and thus an impetus was given toward Atheism; an aged Quaker spoke earnestly to Father Matthew on the temperance question, and thus gave the starting point to the great temperance movement in Ireland; King Robert Bruce watched the spider busy at its work, and its victory led him on to victories for his country; Wesley forgot his written sermon, and a question asked him by a lady opened up the way for him becoming one of the greatest and most successful extempore preachers of the world; a kind word to Adam Clarke was the beginning of an enthusiasm that made him one of the most eminent theologians and scholars of the age; and the discovery of an insect saved the life of M. Latreille. The reading of a book may change your life. A single word dropped from your lips may cut deeply the heart of your friend, and never be forgotten.

A single frown may so deeply impress a child that it will retain the remembrance of it through life. Take care then of your life.

The young are coming after you, take care then to make a straight course, and a plain one, for as they travel through this world, some will look for your footprints and will step into them.

God is the Great Registrar General keeping an account of your life and that of your fellows.

Remember, "Life is real, life is earnest." What is God marking against you? You are responsible for your life and influence. How then are you living? Whither are you going? Follow Christ, and as you do so, you will know that all is well, for as your friends step in your footprints they are following Christ. "Live while you live." Be in earnest. Give your heart to God. Begin now the Christian life, and then your influence will be for good, and when you reach the other side you will see many there who were led by your influence to love God and live for Him.

"The deeds we do, the words we say—

Into still air they seem to fleet,

We count them ever past;

But they shall last;

In the dread judgment they

And we shall meet!

"I charge thee by the years gone by,

For the love's sake of brethren dear,

Keep thou the one true way,

In work and play,

Lest in that world their cry

Of woe thou hear."

THE RULE OF THREE.

THIS world is a busy mart, and men and women are the buyers and sellers. The leading question ever upon the lips of all is, "What shall it profit?" Men are skilful financiers in temporal matters, but they pass by the great problem in proportion in the book of spiritual arithmetic: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Like a merchant taking an account of stock, take an inventory of your spiritual affairs, and see how you stand before God. Enumerate God's blessings and then ask yourself what you have done for him in return. Everywhere men are seeking happiness. In various ways and by various means the world is running after joy and peace. Very many people are like children trying to catch butterflies. They run after happiness from flower to flower, and from one place to another, but it always evades their grasp. True happiness they fail to find, for they seek it in the wrong way and from the wrong source. Wealth does not give it, else kings and merchant princes would be happy, but such is not the case. Crowns fail to impart it and riches possess it not.

"Millions of money for an inch of time," cried Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed. Health does not give true happiness, for then the aged man who has never seen a day of sickness would have the essence of

true joy, but even he is led to confess that this is not the secret of true joy. Wordly pleasure is not the recipe for lasting happiness. The spendthrifts and men of pleasure confess, "Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality." Fame does not bestow it. If it did then the man of fortune and adventure, of ancient and modern times would rejoice in it, but fame is fleeting, and it often brings sorrow in its train.

"Fame like a river, is narrowest at its source and broadest afar off."

All these things if trusted bring sorrow and death. "The wages of sin is death." If you seek abiding happiness in these things you will utterly fail. You will be like the woman mentioned by Ovid, doomed to fill a large vessel with water by the use of a sieve. Impossibility is written upon these things, for life is not in them, "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

"True happiness ne'er entered at an eye.
True happiness resides in things unseen."

Abderman, Caliph of Cordova, left the following record: "Fifty years have elapsed since I became Caliph. I have possessed riches, honors, pleasures, friends; in short everything that man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I could say, I was really happy, and they amount to fourteen." What profit is there in a life thus spent, if your soul will be lost? None. The profit then becomes loss. You seek the less and lose the greater.

You seek for earthly gain and lose the wealth of heaven. With your mud rake you are searching for dross, and so intensely are you engaged in it that you cannot spare time to look to see the angel holding out the crown for you. You may seek to enjoy life, but there is death to meet and you must get prepared for it, or suffer bitterly the results of your folly. Then you will awake to a sense of your true state before God, for—

“Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.”

The soul is the most important part of a man's nature. It is the immortal part. What would a man barter his soul for? Many a man sells his soul for a small sum, and yet a man would be the loser were he to gain the whole world, and lose his soul. How much is a soul worth? Worlds cannot buy even one. If it is lost then how much would you give in exchange for it? If your soul is so precious, its well-being should be your first concern. “Seek first the Kingdom of God.” All other things should take a secondary place. If you are to live forever, where are you going to spend eternity? Where will you be a hundred years hence?

The Milan Cathedral has three door-ways and over each there is an inscription. Over one is sculptured “All that which pleases is but for a moment.” Over the other is written, “All that which troubles us is but for a moment.” Over the great central entrance is inscribed, “That only is important which is eternal.” You have a soul and your first and chief concern is to

seek that which its welfare demands and secure for it an eternal habitation with God. How shall this be done? By repenting of your sins and believing in Christ. There is no other way of getting salvation. Jesus is the true and only Saviour of man. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Be wise now and seek the most profitable part in life's work, namely the salvation of your soul. Press on in the pursuit of this great blessing. Rest not till you have obtained it.

"For all may have,
If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."

Seek now the great salvation. Seek it earnestly. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." There is only "one life; a little gleam of time between two eternities; no second chance to us forever." Come at once, and believe in Jesus Christ. A free and full salvation is offered to you at this moment. Accept of it from Him who promises to be your Saviour and Friend.

"Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! this is but a land of grief;
You may bring your crowns of laurel, but a blight is on each leaf;
What this world hath never given, kneel and ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you lean upon His love,
Lonely hearts! God is love!"

CONSTABLES.

"ADAM, the godliest man of men," amid the beauties of Paradise; Abraham, the friend of Omnipotence; and David, the favorite of heaven's Eternal King, were subjected to temptation, and every man of rationality becomes aware that life is full of temptations. There is the drunkard's cup with its stinging serpent; the gambling table with its fascinations; the rich man's wealth with its glittering attractions; and the joys of the world with their delusive snares. There are temptations everywhere. In the busy mart, on the crowded street, in the wretched hovel, in the princely mansion, in the thief's den, in the house of God, in the house of infamy, and in the closet of prayer. These temptations are not the same to all, nor are they alike in degree. There are some temptations that are stronger than others. By yielding to these temptations sin is brought forth. Where is the man who has never been tempted, and who has never committed sin? The Psalmist mourned over his sins; Jeremiah shed tears over the iniquities of his people; Luther, the faithful, bewailed his transgressions; Richard Baxter, the powerful preacher, lamented his sins; Paul, the pure, called himself the chief of sinners; and John Wesley sang—

"I the chief of sinners am—
But Jesus died for me."

Because men yield to temptation and thus commit

sin, God has sent out his constables into the world for the maintenance of truth and justice. God is the Chief Magistrate, the Lord Chief-Justice of heaven and earth.

Conscience is sent out as a constable to arrest spiritual criminals when in the act of doing wrong, and to demand of them a reason for their wrong-doing. Man steals from himself, and, also, robs God and heaven. You have felt conscience speaking to you, and happy are you if you have listened to him and obeyed him. You can fight against conscience and may even kill him by continuing in wrong-doing. Conscience dwells in man's soul, a little world all to himself. He goes like a detective following you till you confess your sin, or overpower him and drive him away. Faithfully he drags a man before the bar of reason, and gives him no rest until he has proven him guilty. He changes men's countenances by dogging their footsteps through life. Gently he speaks to children, but violently he drags the murderer to justice. As a constable he never goes off his "beat," but is always found at his post like the Roman sentinel. He never sleeps while on duty, but keeps his eye on the prisoner. No man can escape from him. His searching glance and word of authority quells the stoutest. Like the hound after the stag, so does conscience pursue you. He is ever on your track till you are caught. He has arrested you. Where? In your home. What for? For wrong-doing.

God sends out Providence as a constable who lays

hold of men committing sin, and punishes them by placing them in different circumstances. Sometimes man's wrong-doing is anticipated and prevented. You may be drawing out plans for the future, but Providence changes them. Cowper, in a fit of mental derangement, sought to commit suicide, but Providence prevented him, and he was compelled to sing—

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

For the good of your body and soul this constable is continually at work. Preventing you from breaking God's laws, teaching you the true path to heaven, and guiding you to the light beyond, he labors in your interests. The Bible is a God-sent constable to man. He has a winning voice, yet at times he is stern and shouts loudly. He fears neither peasant nor king, but speaks bravely to all. Kindly he speaks to those who do well, but the evil-doer trembles under his rebukes. He stands by the bedside of the dying and helps them. He comes to warn men to prepare for the future. He reproofs men for their sins, exhorts them to flee from the wrath to come, rouses them when asleep in the dangerous paths of iniquity, and points them to the refuge. Joy comes to the hearts of those who listen to the teachings of the Bible, and do them; but sad will be the future of those who reject his counsel and will have none of his reproof. Listen to this constable and follow him.

God sends the Holy Spirit to arrest men in the paths of sin, and to guide them to the path of God. As a faithful spiritual constable he follows the sinner and by warning, entreaty, counsel, and persuasion, seeks to deliver men from the power of sin and Satan, and give them direction how to reach the Sinner's Friend.

He comes to you to lead you to Christ. He has spoken to you in "the still small voice," and again in louder tones. By the preaching of the Word, by the loss of friends, and by various afflictions, he has spoken to you. Listen to him while he calls, for this spirit may not always strive with you.

There comes a period to all, when the King of Terrors, as a constable, seizes the soul and drags it before the bar of God. Death deposes the various diseases to do his work. No place is too sacred for death to enter, and no person too rich or virtuous that he will not slay. You cannot bribe him. All hours are alike to him. In the field or workshop, or amid the comforts of your home he may seize you. At any moment he may lay you low. Are you prepared for him? After death comes the judgment. Are you prepared for that? "Prepare to meet thy God." In love to your soul, I entreat you, seek that preparation which you need for meeting God. Get ready for the approach of death by believing in Christ. Get prepared for the Great Future before the constable angels shall cast you into hell, for ever banished from the presence of God.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

CÆSAR having won a glorious victory, gave the news to his expectant people in a very curt message, thus: "I came, I saw, I conquered." To-day the minds of men are on the alert for news given as briefly and pointedly as Cæsar's message. What's the news? is the question continually upon the lips of the people of all classes and conditions, in seasons of excitement or of great interest. At the stock exchange, in the market place, in the store, and on the street, the merchants are asking each other this question. In the mansion and cottage, in field and on prairie, by mountain and river it falls from men's lips.

What's the news? It is that God's name and nature is love. We look upon God and see Him as a Being of infinite power, wisdom, and knowledge. We look upon man and see in him a finite being, the creature of a day, a feeble worm. Man is daily defying this Great Being by his rebellious acts, and yet Divine mercy spares him, yea, infinite love smiles upon him, though Divine justice frown upon his sins. Tokens of God's love are given to sinful man, day by day, in the blessings of His Providence and grace. We see God's love in the gift of His son: "God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This world is like a large

estate, of which God is the proprietor, and mankind the tenantry. A certain portion is given to each tenant with all the means necessary to ensure success. The tenant-farmers squander their time, and their Lord's gift, and soon are in poverty extreme. Then with that love alone possessed by God, He takes His famine-stricken tenantry to His mansion, and freely forgives them all their debts, provides a feast for them, and starts them afresh in life. Truly, "Our Father, which art in heaven," is a God of love and power. God loves you. So great is His love towards you that Christ was given to atone for your sin, and to grant you salvation. How much love do you show to Him in return, and how do you exhibit it?

What's the news? It is that the Bible is the medium of good news sent to man. It is heaven's newspaper, and God is chief editor. Dr. Charles Elliott loved his Bible, and when over seventy years of age was reading it as intently as ever. His daughter asked him one day what he was reading so earnestly, and received this reply: "I am reading news." The Bible is full of news to man. It relates "the old, old story," and speaks of the song ever old, and yet ever new. I listened sometime ago to a youth discoursing sweet music from a very ingenious instrument. The music was varied and pleasant. God's word sends forth music that touches the soul. It is varied in its character, but it leads to God. This is God's phonograph through which He speaks to man. It carries with it all the freshness and interest of the

novel, and all the importance of eternal truth.—It deals with questions relating to time and eternity. Its interest is increased by its life-and-death questions. It tells you where happiness may be found, and how fortunes may be made. It is here God speaks to you. Here God invites you to the Gospel feast:

“Come all the world; come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.”

Here is contained the good news from heaven for you. Here God publishes the conditions of peace. Here is mapped out the way to heaven. Here are disclosed some of God's treasures. Read for yourself God's letter to you. Like an author dedicating his work to some person or persons, God, as the author of the Book of books, dedicates it to every sinful son of man. God has written other books which have been the source of information to all succeeding authors. God's Book of Nature reveals wonders for the writers of all ages. God's Book of Mental Philosophy gives thoughts for thinkers, pictures for artists, and facts for the world's mechanics. God's Book of Human Experience is the prelude to noble deeds, illustrious discoveries, and glorious lives. This Divine Author gave the first books to the world, and they have remained the truest, surest, and most complete that have ever been published. Study them and conform your life to their teachings.

What's the news? It is that Jesus Christ has died to give blessings to all. This is the truth around which

all other truths cluster. Jesus Christ died for man. In this we see Christ's love for man. He is faintly shadowed forth in Judson laboring in Burmah; in John Howard dying through sickness resulting from devotion to the oppressed and criminal portion of mankind; in Felix Neff climbing the Alpine hills to tell the hardy mountaineers of salvation; and in a Grace Darling risking her life to save her fellows from a watery grave. Christ dies not for his friends but his enemies. He dies for the proud Pharisee and humble Publican; for the gentle Josiah and wicked Mannasseh, for the lofty-minded Milton and blaspheming Bunyan, for prince and peasant, learned and illiterate, wise and foolish, old and young, believer and infidel. For one and all he died. He died for you—

“ For all, my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died.”

What's the news? It is that salvation is for all free, full, and present. Richard Baxter rejoiced that, “ Whosoever will may come,” and “ take of the water of life freely.” Had the invitation been to Richard Baxter, it might have meant some other Richard Baxter, but in this “ whosoever,” all the Richard Baxters were included. This salvation is for you. It is free as the air you breathe; as free as the water in the ocean; as free as the falling rain, or the rays of the noonday sun. “ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without

money and without price." Salvation may be obtained now. The plague-stricken Israelites looked to the brazen serpent and were cured, the dying thief believed at the eleventh hour and became a partaker of salvation; so you may now at this moment obtain the forgiveness of your sins, and rejoice in becoming a child of God. Believe now in Jesus and salvation is yours.

What's the news? It is that death is not the end of man's existence. Sinners unsaved fear the future. Death is dreaded because it is the entrance to the great beyond. There is a something beyond this life. You are to meet God face to face. The judgment day is approaching, and then you will be judged out of those things written in the book according to your works. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." You may then well fear death if you are unprepared for what lies beyond. Voltaire said, "I hate life, and yet I am afraid to die," and so every sinner unforgiven may truly dread that death, which leads to a "death that never, never dies." To the unconverted man there is darkness beyond. The Christian, in the surrounding shadows of death, looks up to Christ and cries, "Light, more light," and—

"The opening heavens around him shine,
With beams of sacred bliss."

Amist the wintry storm or midnight gloom, the weary traveller on the prairie becomes disconsolate; but when a faint glimmering light sends forth its rays

into the dreary waste, joy fills his heart, for there is shelter, food, and rest. Thus the Christian nears his Father's house; light shines out on the pathway and home is not far off. Go on, my friend, "there's a light in the window for thee."

Unforgiven sinner, listen to the good news God speaks to you. Receive the joyful news of peace and pardon. Look beyond and death meets you—

"One eye on death, and one full fixed on Heaven,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man."

Act upon the good news of salvation for you at this moment through Christ. Cling to the Rock of Ages. Follow the light of the world. Cast your burden on the great Burden-bearer, and you shall be saved—

Good news to every child of man,
Salvation full, complete, and free;
God's love to all, abiding peace,
Grace, pardon, joy, and liberty.
On earth goodwill, beyond true life,
In weakness strength, in darkness light;
On dying couch a guiding hand,
At last a home where is no night.

PLUCK.

- DIOGENES went through the streets at midday with a lantern, as if in search of something, and being accosted by a citizen as to what he was seeking, replied, "A man." The world is teeming with specimens of humanity, but what is needed is true men. True men are not found lounging at every street-corner, and in vain shall we look for them at every tavern door. They are not trained at the gambler's table, nor are they taught in the school of infamy. Do you wish to be successful in life? Then cultivate the talent of persistency. If you would rise in the world, begin at the foot of the ladder. An interesting book has been written, bearing the title, "Climbing for Both Worlds." That is the ~~idea~~ that must take possession of your mind if you would succeed. There is no permanent success without plodding through life. The man who gains a fortune in a day by a trick of trade, or a chance speculation, is not a successful man. The rich thief is not a successful man. That man is successful who so employs his talents that by honesty and industry he wins a fortune. He who seeks to gain the top of the ladder at once, must abide the passing smiles of fortune, and though he may become rich, he will not be successful. If you wish to become an inheritor of noble manhood you must persevere amid difficulties. Complain not of your lot in life.

"It is better to whistle than whine." Are you poor? Dr. Kitto was a workhouse lad, Carey a poor cobbler, and Lincoln a rail-splitter; Stephenson, the engineer, worked for a shilling a day; John Jacob Astor sold apples on the streets of New York; Garfield was a canal boy; and Edison sold newspapers on the railroad cars. Spend not your time in whining or in gloomy forebodings, for "we are all as God made us, and oftentimes we are a great deal worse." The greatest difficulties will fall before a stout heart and a strong will. Difficulties are like snowdrifts that will melt before a merry heart and a cheerful countenance.

One step at a time will carry you many a mile. The continual dropping of water on a stone will wear it away. Fortune will cast her treasures at your feet, if you will pursue her, and still keep pursuing. Success will be yours, if you will "pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly."

The true man will never stoop to do a mean thing; his manliness will keep him above it. In every man he will see a brother demanding a brother's love. A coward takes advantage of his fellow, but not a *man*. Meanness is not found in the vocabulary of the hero. His sense of honor keeps him true to himself, his fellows, and his God. He has been taught that "honor is better than wealth, and honor's loss is a great woe." Seek to be brave in the battle of life. Be manly. Have courage to say no, when fools would entice you to swim in the rapids of sin. Pay your debts promptly, or some day your debts may pay you. Wear your old


coat, if you are too poor to buy a new one. Live within your income, and run not into debt to entertain your friends. Remember "he who sweats afield, and prays to God at home, will never starve." "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men; be strong."

Cultivate a spirit of independence. Be energetic in the discharge of your duties. Be enthusiastic in your work—

" In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !"

THE GREAT BEYOND.

DEATH is peculiarly suggestive to us. Standing by the bedside of a dying friend, and grasping the hand for the final farewell, strange thoughts pass through the mind. For a moment your spirit is hushed, and you take a look into the great future. You try to catch a glimpse of the departing soul, but your vision is powerless. Death opens the gate of the world beyond, and you are permitted to gaze for a moment. Your thoughts are on eternal things, and you ask, "Does death end our existence? Is the life beyond all a blank, or can man know what lies on the other side? Is there anything beyond this life?" You have your doubts concerning these things, and you conclude that the other side of life, with its bliss or punishment, is a



mere invention of the imagination. Let me tell you, there is a great something beyond this life. Some hope that there is no great beyond. The fear of punishment, for a life of sin, compels some to hope that there is nothing on the other side of life. The thought of the future is unpleasant to them, therefore, they cling to the hope of there being no heaven or hell. Such a hope as this is injurious to morality. Man needs a restraint to keep him in the path of virtue, and lead him to God. What restraint is there upon the man who does not believe in God, or a future state? He lives for himself and seeks to make his all of this life. There is nothing to make him do well, but principle. Without hope of heaven or fear of hell, the majority of mankind would rob and cheat the minority, and the world would run riot. Such a hope as this is on the wrong side of life. It leads not to virtue, but opens the way for selfishness and sin. Even if there is no great beyond the Christian is on the most profitable side of life. His belief leads to morality, and he thereby enjoys the blessings of a virtuous life which the other does not. But if there is a great something beyond, how sad is that man's position who entertains a hope of no existence after death. Death is not the end of our existence. Man is not as the brute. There is a thinking, reasoning something within him, which we call the soul. The possession of this places him as superior to the animal creation. "Man is the noblest work of God." Must we think that Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, and Locke died as brutes?

No! Higher in intelligence, more wonderful in the mechanism of their frames, and nobler in their lives were they. The soul declares man immortal. The soul has great powers that cannot be fully employed in this life. Here the mind is hampered. Time is too short for the mind to grasp all that it is able. The imagination soars to unknown heights, and dives to depths unfathomable. A larger sphere, unbounded by the things of earth, is needed for the soul's great powers. The soul has desires for things greater than can be obtained in this life. The intense desire for perfect purity, knowledge, and joy cannot be gratified in this life, but their very existence points to a sphere where these things may be obtained. Great minds are dissatisfied with the present state, and reach out for things beyond. It needs infinity to satisfy the soul of man.

"Who wishes life immortal proves it true." Man is ever grasping, the brute is not. The brute is satisfied with present realities, but man looks to the future. Mind is progressive, matter is not. To man's mind there are no limits. When a great man passes from us, we do not feel that his mind had accomplished all it was capable of, or desired to do. These desires and capabilities prove to us the future state where full employment shall be given to the dormant powers. Mankind desires some kind of a religion. Man is a worshipping animal. Idols are the personifications of deities and supreme powers, and the fact of their existence, and this feeling in man, points us to the great

beyond, where the true objects shall be seen and enjoyed.

The doctrine of the future life is embodied in many of the religious systems of the world. With a vague uncertainty it was expressed in the ancient heathen systems. There were the joys of Elysium, and the pains of Tartarus. The Indian speaks of his happy hunting-ground on the other side of life. Socrates, when dying said, "I am going to a world of spirits, in which I shall be either happy or miserable."

The consciousness men have of breaking the Divine law has its origin in the idea of the future life. The stings of conscience, which men feel in committing sin, are but a foretaste of the sufferings resulting in the future from a life of sin. When a man feels that he is guilty, this is only a feeling arising from the knowledge of a great revealing day, and a time of reckoning. Death is written upon the face of nature, but man clings tenaciously to life. This longing for existence is but the precursor to immortality.

The Bible declares man immortal. The contradictions of life call for a judgment. We can reconcile the facts of the wicked in prosperity, and the righteous in adversity, when we have a judgment, but not otherwise. God's Providence and justice thus declare the existence of a future life. Enoch "was not, for God took him." Dives was in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and Christ said to the dying thief, "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." These examples strengthen our idea of the great beyond.

The crowning proof in the Bible is Christ's resurrection, and His being "carried up into heaven." "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." God "will render to every man according to his deeds; to them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life. And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

If men are to live forever, and there is a great something beyond this life, what is this great something. It is a fact that man is to meet God face to face. The sinner and the God who has been sinned against, are come in contact. How will you meet Him?

Man is to meet all his sins beyond this life. Every man is to see the books opened, and to hear his biography read. What kind of a history is yours, and how will you meet your sins?

Man is to be judged. You will be judged out of the Gospel, and according to the deeds done in the body. Are you prepared for the great revealing day?

Every man is to be sent to heaven or hell. One of these places is to be the final abode of every soul. The righteous rejoice in God's presence in heaven, but the wicked-despair in the regions of woe. Where are you going? Heaven's joys and hell's sufferings are eternal. Eternal life in heaven, or shame and everlasting contempt in hell. The extent of duration is to be the same in both places.

.. As you cannot escape this great something beyond this life, and you desire to enter heaven, let me tell you that a preparation is needed for inheriting the joys of the life beyond.

Man is unfit for heaven in his sinful state. Were he permitted to become an inhabitant of the mansions of bliss, he would be unhappy. He would not have on the wedding-garment, nor understand the language of Canaan, nor be able to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, but be speechless and sad.

Man cannot enter heaven with his sins unforgiven. Heaven's gate is too small to admit one sin. Sin cannot dwell in God's presence.

What preparation, then, is needed, and how can it be obtained?

Man cannot purify himself. Pilgrimages and penance do not purify the soul. There is no preparation beyond the grave. Death shuts out any hope of salvation beyond. There is not another Saviour on the other side of life. Christ prepares all who trust in Him. He forgives their sins, purifies their natures, and gives them a hope of heaven. This is the only preparation needed, and it is the true one. This preparation is for you, if you will trust in Christ. Trust him, my friend. He will listen to your prayer and help you. He will cleanse you from your sin and save you. Trust Him now, and you will then be prepared for life, for death, and for heaven.

EARTH'S ACELDAMA.

THIS world is a large workshop wherein are congregated multitudes of toiling humanity. Varied are the departments of labor, different is the pay of the toilers, yet success, honor, and preferment are held out to all who comply with the great demands of the age. The physical, mental, and spiritual worlds demand of man, at the present time, thoroughness. Disasters in the physical universe on an extensive scale similar to the Tay Bridge, call aloud in tones not to be misinterpreted, that the path of honor, justice, and success is for the man who is thorough in his work. Bungling workmen in every department of labor are too numerous. Inferiority must bow submissively, and without a murmur, to the yoke made by the hand of the superior workman. In the world of intellectual power and mental acuteness the same ponderous notes are being sounded. They came from the *sanctum sanctorum* of a Thomas Carlyle, and are still better exemplified in the life of Garfield. Note especially Garfield's desire for, and immense success through being thorough. In the worlds of physical and intellectual toil, mediocrity is abundant, while excellence is aimed at by the few. To those climbing we would say, "There is room at the top." The religious world demands men fully prepared for their work. Noble have been the precedents in this field of action.

Glorious results have followed the earnest labors of the religious giants of the past. Thorough were the lives and labors of Carey in India, Judson in Burmah, Livingstone in Africa, and George McDougall in the Great Lone Land. Enthusiasm is the other qualification demanded at the present. Thoroughness is good, but joined to enthusiasm it is super-excellent. Enthusiasm is the conquering foe of difficulty, the precursor of success, the guiding star to the promised land of commerce, the giant of ten thousand victories, the strength of tottering enterprises, and the noonday sun of prosperity. Earnestness and enthusiasm are needed at the present.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream !'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real ? Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
'Dust thou art, to dust returneth.'
Was not spoken of the soul."

Enthusiasm sustained Columbus amid ten thousand foes in men and things, and opened up the wonders and wealth of the new world to his genius and power. Enthusiasm and thoroughness made the young man of Calla, Alexander the Great.

Small yet significant was the beginning of the Panama Railroad. Amid mountains of difficulty, waves of impure and deadly gases, and clouds of vermin, the work progressed. Although a life was

sacrificed for every tie laid, the enthusiastic promoters of the enterprise labored, progressed, and conquered. Enthusiasm in religion has bequeathed to us a Savonarola among the gay Florentines; a Dr. Guthrie laboring among the city arabs in his Ragged Schools; and a Robert Raikes blessing the world with his continued advocacy of the Sunday-school. Success is yours if you are thorough and enthusiastic in your work whether in your physical toil, or mental devotion, or religious life. Life is a battle and the man who would die victorious must contend continually with every foe. You must contend against self. Bunyan had a good subject for imparting great lessons to man in his "Holy War." The City of Mansoul has not only foes outside storming the citadel, but there are spies and enemies within.

Unbelief cries out in our hearts against God. "We will not have thee to reign over us." Evil desires draw man away from the truth and light. Man is enamoured with the joys of life. Grand visions of riches and pleasure urge him on in the path of error. The good spirit, the goddess of his soul, looks upon the desolation that reigns within, and is sad. An intense struggle ensues, the mountains of doubt are overturned, and man's soul flourishes through the power of truth and virtue. You must break the chains of evil habit that bind you. Live not for self, but for God and man. Self control will lead you to the enjoyment of true manhood, and bless you with a light on your path.

You must contend against sin. Sin is a foe to man,

and an enemy to virtue. It is an enemy in the garb of a friend. It is a hydra-headed monster opposing humanity. It comes to man, as Goethe has well described it, as the siren sitting upon the rock. Lured by her beauty, the unsuspecting draw near, and clasped in her embrace, she plunges with them into the depths of despair. Sin, like the slimy eel, may be caught, but unless held with cunning skill will evade your grasp. Cut it into many pieces, and each becomes a living monster. Contend with sin in every shape, and at every post; fight it with God's weapons. Trust not to self to conquer, but follow Him who is conqueror over sin and death. If sin is not conquered, it will conquer you. If not opposed, it will remain supreme.

You must contend against life's cares and anxieties. These will unman you if allowed full sway. Needless trouble will destroy your peace, deprive you of your strength, and make you fail of success. Man makes many a sorrow heaven never ordained.

"Real evils live not here below,
Man makes his ills, man bids his sorrow flow."

Travellers visiting significant spots on the bosom of the earth, often cast stones upon the cairn as a memento of their visit; thus does man add sorrow to sorrow, until a mountain of trouble opposes his progress.

Contend against care and anxiety by cultivating a peaceful mind, and fight it by seeking the peace of God. Be not of an easy disposition like Oliver Gold-

smith, who could die contented owing many pounds, but imitate Thomas Olivers, the hymnologist and éminent Methodist minister, who, when converted, travelled through England, paying his debts and preaching the Gospel.

“When fond desires arise within thy breast,
And all thy thoughts on some bright vision rest,
Be not o’er anxious every wish to gain,
To will is right ; to calculate is vain.”

“Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee.” From the study of human nature we learn that there is a contention among mankind. We read in English History of the Field of the Cloth of Gold ; in Ancient and Sacred History of the Field of Blood ; but in the history of humanity during the nineteenth century, we read of the Field of Sweat and Sorrow. There is a gormandizing spirit abroad in the world. The big brother is continually striving after the Benjamin portion of life. Truly—

“Man is to man the surest, sorest ill,”
And man’s inhumanity to man makes
Countless thousands mourn.”

There is a contention in life for bread and butter. There is a striving with our fellows lest they make us their slaves. Many seek to rise at the expense of their fellows. There are many claim-jumpers in the physical universe, but they are not as numerous as in the world of literature and religion. We must fight for liberty and independence. The weak and oppressed must be

guarded and blessed. We must fight for a living—
fight honestly and faithfully.

“Behold! within this world what various strife;
We all are actors on the stage of life;
Each hath his part assigned; and 'tis in vain
He feels displeased; that part he must sustain.”

In this great contest we look for help. Deliverance
is near. The philosophers of Greece and Rome sought
eagerly for the truth but failed. We have found it.
The truth gives us the victory.

“He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.”

Look to the cross, and there is power divine—

“The Cross once seen is death to every vice.”

Of all the flowers in the Paradise of God, none
bloom so fair as the Rose of Sharon. The Christ of
Calvary is the fairest among ten thousand. He is the
lily of the valley. Lowly was He in His Bethlehem
hotel, yet wondrous in His Jerusalem abode. Here
is deliverance.

“Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell or earth or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.”

Seek this great help and follow after truth. Trust
in Christ, and pardon, peace, and power are yours.

LIFE.

O SOUL-INSPIRING Muses of the ancient days,
Baptize with power celestial, crown with joy my lays!
Grant me a theme befitting an immortal pen,
Conveying truth divine, with light and love to men;
Waft gently through the air Æolian music sweet,
With its Elysian power, the sons of men to greet.

The poet strikes his lyre, and sings in richest strains
Of life's great mysteries, its joys and doubts and pains:
Cheering the anxious heart, soothing the troubled soul,
Pointing through deepest mists to life's eternal goal,
Teaching majestic truths in language rare and grand,
Painting with words of fire the joys of Beulah's land.

The artist, pensive youth, in Nature's wonders deep,
Well skilled to paint life's scenes, the mountains hushed
in sleep,

Portrays the sable night, or morning's infant hours,
The characters of men, earth's stately halls and towers;
His joy, the landscape rare; his work, earth's scenes to
show,

That beauty, light, and joy, to man may ever flow.

The lawyer pleads for life to give the man of crime—
For hard it is to die, 'tis sweet to live in time—
Entreaties, wealth, and power, earth's richest gem to
give,

Profusely pouring forth that mortal flesh may live.

Though dark and sad the path, the prospect pale with
fear,

He argues, wrestles, strives, to purchase life so dear.

The true physician well his varied skill expends,
Expelling dire disease—kind messengers he lends
To heal the sick, delight; to raise the dying, joy;
No power unused remains; he would the foe destroy.
Life speaks to him of pain, yet precious in his eyes
He values mortal life, earth's grandest, noblest prize.

The scientist beholds all nature clad in life!

Earth yields her treasures rare, captives of mental
strife!

The heavens obey his voice, earth's depths his presence
feel,

Oblivion's sea submits that he her truths unseal!

Science and Life proclaim a Deity on high,

The God of Nature true, the King of earth and sky.

The preacher, bold and pure, inspired by power divine,
Proclaims eternal truths from heaven's unfailing mine.

His life, a moral truth; his aim, to bless the soul;

A messenger of heaven! to bear Life's Gospel roll

His work of greatest power. Jehovah reigns his King,
Success his life attends, honor his virtues bring.

He sings the sweetest songs, portrays heaven's grandest
scenes,

Pleads for eternal life through God's enacted means,

Old Gilead's balm commends, and knowledge vast
employs,

Earth's sons to grant with life, heaven's richest, purest
joys.

He lives for God and man ; writes deeply on his heart,
"I live for God and truth, from these I cannot part."

Let knowledge fill your minds, and love your souls in-
spire,

With eloquence divine speak words of living fire ;

Let virtue crown your lives, and truth your souls
possess ;

As faithful watchmen stand, God's chosen witnesses ;

Your aim, the world for Christ ; duty, the present hour ;

Reward, the Master's smile ; success, the Spirit's power.

A WAR INCIDENT.

CONVERSING a short time ago with a chaplain who had served in one of the regiments during the American War, the following touching incident was related to me, which I will give as nearly as possible in the chaplain's own words.

A girl in Peoria came to Mr. Moody and said, with tears in her eyes, "Mr. Moody, I have a dear mother in heaven, and just nine days ago I gave my heart to Jesus, and I am going to heaven too. I have a dear father, and I want you to pray, for him." Mr. Moody said, "Where is your father?" "In one of the hospitals in Nashville, sir."

I was then chaplain in Nashville, and Mr. Moody wrote me, requesting me to call and see the little girl's father, while he and the little girl would pray for his salvation. The little girl wrote me as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I am only a little girl. I have a dear mother in heaven, and I expect to meet her there. Nine days ago I gave my heart to Jesus. My dear father is in one of the hospitals in Nashville, and I wish you would call and see him, and try to persuade him to be a Christian. He is a good, kind father, but he is not a Christian. Oh, if he would only trust Jesus, I would be the happiest girl in this world!"

When I received the letter with Mr. Moody's, I went to the room and prayed over it, and I felt conscious that God would answer our prayers. Again, in the soldier's meeting in the afternoon I read the letter and one of the colonels prayed for his salvation.

In the morning I went to the Cumberland Hospital, outside the city, and asked for Wm. Graham. I was told he was taken to the hospital in the city that morning. Upon inquiry I found that he was severely wounded, was a very intelligent man, read very much, and was a Universalist. Entering the city hospital, I was directed to the ward in which he lay. Approaching his bed, and holding out my hand, I said: "William Graham, you are very sick." Feebly he murmured, "Yes, sir."

"William, if you were to die, how are you prepared for the change?"

"I have no fear, I have always been honest, and

done harm to no one; I am not concerned about the change."

"William, you had a wife once."

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you think she is?"

"In heaven, sir."

"And do you think if you died you would go there too?"

"Yes, sir."

"William, whether was she saved because she did not harm any one, or through trusting in Jesus?"

"Through trusting in Jesus."

"Yes, and if ever you go to heaven you could never be happy there, for you would be singing: "Glory to myself, I never did any wrong, and here I am in heaven;" while your wife would sing: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

"William, have you a little girl in Peoria?"

"Yes, sir. Who told you so?"

"I had a letter from her yesterday."

"From my little girl?"

"Yes! Shall I read it?"


"Oh, do, sir!"

As the tears were trickling down his cheeks, and his whole frame was trembling with emotion, I read the letter which fairly broke him down and caused fresh floods of tears to flow. I prayed with him, and

on leaving said, "At this time to-morrow I will call on you, and now I want you to throw aside those ideas of trust in self which you now have and give your heart to Jesus." I left him apparently in a penitent condition. At the appointed hour I called upon him, and as I entered a beam of joy showed itself upon his countenance. I said, "Well, William, how are you?" With deep emotion, and tears streaming from his eyes, he said, "Oh, I thought of what you were saying to me, and I could not rest; but this morning, about two o'clock, I gave my heart to Jesus, and now His love so fills my soul that I cannot tell you how happy I am. Oh, sir, I now feel happy that my little girl and I are on the same pathway to heaven! Please write to her, and tell her that I am now a Christian."

I did as he requested, and with a heart overflowing with love, she said, "I am the happiest girl in the world." When the chaplain ceased his narration, I thought—how simple, affecting, and yet how true!

God answers prayer, no matter what Tyndall may say to the contrary, and the faithful ministrations of God's servants are what, with God's blessing, brings success to the preaching of the everlasting Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.



WHAT IS TRUTH?

SUCH was the philosophical question of Pilate. The philosophers of ancient story oft propounded this famous question; and as often the answers were shrouded in glorious mystery. To-day it is a question of momentous importance and repeated presentation. With the latest wonders of the telephone, the retentive powers of the autograph, and the exhibitions of magnifying sound given by the microphone, we are becoming familiarized, but this question of our subject is still being asked—and answered; yet the mind in relation to it is unsatisfied.

The celebrated Joseph Cook, of Boston, has been employing his massive mind and majestic eloquence in giving a proper definition of it. Many answers may be given to it in its different relations, whether in metaphysics, religion, or social life. The mass of the people have their own ideas concerning it, but what concerns them most, is the utilitarian question, "Where is the truth to be found?" The want of it creates groans in the heart, and distrust in the mind of humanity, and sends darkness over the face of the land. Error, like a demon, dogging the footsteps of truth, as she recedes takes her place, propagates her own doctrines, and influences society to follow her train.

Entering the arena of politics, we are startled with a clamor of voices, and the question falls upon our ear: "Where is truth?" We are amazed at times at the abuse which some mean little politicians delight in heaping upon their superiors of the opposite party. These realize in their experience that the more filth they cast upon the pure and true, the more falls upon themselves. Purity in politics is a thing desired; truth in statement, and true principles, and self-respect in conduct.

In the literary world the same things meet us. The haberdashery of life, the deep-laid plots of upper circles, the failures and excitement of adventurous men, with the reflex influence of the police courts, form fitting themes for many of our petty novels, whereby society is tainted, and the mind is more disqualified for the more solid employment of life. Truth is to be found by digging deep into the mighty ocean of literature, and rich stores of wealth are found there for those who search diligently for them. The ponderous crust of error which surrounds the nucleus of truth must be broken, and the refuse swept away, ere we can rejoice in a perfectly pure literature, and claim that all is true.

In commercial life we are led to enquire why there are so many bankruptcies on the one hand, whilst on the other so many prosper, despite the hard times, and all the attendant annoyances and ills in trade. The answer is easily given. A want of truth. Truth holds in her hand an even balance and just weights.

She sells goods of sterling value, and takes fair profits, sells at one price, and deals with all justly. Hypocrisy in trade acts not justly, she sells with large profits, and gives inferior goods, results in the failure of the weak and aspiring merchant, whose sad tale is seldom believed. The big brother often takes the lion's share and the Benjamin's portion of business, by under-selling his younger and weaker brother, that he may in the end laugh over his decease, or chant in hypocritical tones, the "Dead March of Saul."

The parlor or drawing-room circles are not strangers to this state of things. In our social intercourse with men there is too much sham and formality. Simplicity and modesty hide their faces because life is full of sham, and we have often to ask, "Where shall we find a true man?"

Inconsistencies are manifested in an apparent want of simplicity with each other, and a lack of confidence through the various changes of life. Let a man be independent, yet not too proud of self and exhibit not a stiff formal manner toward his fellow-man. When truth becomes a mark of our national dealing, a leading doctrine in our policy, and peaceful ruler in our land, then no man need ask, "What is Truth?" for it shall be exhibited in our countenances, witnessed in our actions, felt in our literature, and the white flag of peace shall wave from the turrets of our Dominion, as we write upon the scroll of time a passage ever to be remembered by succeeding generations—"We love the Truth."

PAY AS YOU GO.

FRANKLIN has said, "Lying rides upon debt's back. The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt." The great watchword of the merchant of the modern times is, "Pay as you go." It has always been reckoned sound logic that "Short accounts make long friends." Much has been said respecting the true philosopher's stone. Were it possible to discover the much-desired perpetual motion, and grant the supposed blessing to the human family, that by the simple touch of the philosopher everything could be converted into gold, and they should become the happy possessors of it, a large class of humanity would exhibit more joy than a King Midas was capable of expressing. Though men are wealthy, or live in a position of comparative affluence, it seems almost impossible to stick to the motto, "Pay as you go." Rich men run into debt to gain influence, keep their creditors in subjection to them, or increase their large stocks. Those commanding a moderate income are attracted by the beauty of some article, or suppose that at some future time it will be of use to them, so to obtain the much coveted prize they run into debt. The poor cannot afford to buy many of these things, and with a desire to be like their neighbors, they go beyond their income and run into debt. This foolish desire creates a thirst for gold such as that expressed by Moore :

“ Gold is woman's only theme,
Gold is woman's only dream.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man.”

Take your pen and write over your door, “ Debt is my enemy.” Start out in life with the determination to pay your small debts as well as your larger ones. The small ones will grow and get fat on the interest. They will attract others like the eagles to the carcass. What is the cause of so many failures and bankruptcies? Very many of them are the result of not settling bills when they are due, with inattention to business, want of knowledge in business affairs, and a reckless running into debt. Pay promptly and no failures will follow on your track. There will be no creditors to haunt your midnight dreams and disturb the peace of your happy home. You will then gain an influence with the merchant. He will court your favor and support. Instead of running away from him, passing by his store with a peculiar sensation, or standing at his counter with a downcast look, he will run after you to show you his goods. He will sell them to you at cheaper rates. Better goods will be given you at the same money. You will not be tempted to buy what you don't need. You will have to “ cut according to your cloth ” and “ preach according to your stipend.” Thus you need never be poor if you buy just what you need, not what you wish, but what you can afford. Live within your income. If you are very poor, don't wear broadcloth, feast on

puddings, and attend all the concerts and festivals in the land. Better live on oatmeal, wear moleskin cloth, and spend your leisure hours in quiet study within the sacred enclosure of your own home, than run into debt and be annoyed through life. If financial troubles come upon the country then you will be safe. You will not dread the appearance of the bailiff nor the exposure of your goods and affairs to the giddy multitude. You need not fear the evils resulting from heavy interest, the necessary amount of trouble arising from collecting your debts, and having your influence lost by compulsory attendance at our civil courts, and lodgings in a prison cell. Peter the First forbade his subjects to buy or sell without immediate payment, and for the second commission of this offence they were punished with death. Keep down, then, too great a thirst for gold. Use it ill and it will prove a curse. Use it well and it will be to you a blessing. Like Æsop's tongues, it can do much evil, but it can likewise do much good. Thus it is well expressed by Hood,

"Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to cure—to bless—
As even minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of Bloody Mary."

Let your motto be that of the wise man, "Win gold and use it," and, "Pay as you go."

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